

A

*K. Parini (g.)*

## FASHIONABLE DAY.

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In the first Chapter of Genesis it is  
thus written——

And the Evening and the Morning were the first Day.

And the Evening and the Morning were the second  
Day.

&c. &c. to the end of the Chapter.

L O N D O N ;

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MDCCLXXX.





## DEDICATION.

T O

L O R D \_\_\_\_\_  
&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

THE following beautiful little performance (for such I am sure it is in the original) appeared, first in a poetical fulldress in Italy, then in a prose undress in France \*. To-day she is introduced into England. she speaks English, it is true (at least, I hope she

\* The Italian title is *Il Mattino et il mezzogiorno*. The French is entitled *L'art de s'amuser a la ville, ou les quatre parties du jour—traduction libre du poëme Italien intitulé, &c. Par M. l'Abbé Parini*. I also have translated it with the liberality of a freeborn Englishwoman. The scene still remains in Rome for obvious reasons; and the Italian customs are therefore preserved—but, in other respects, wherever I fancied I could improve upon my originals, I have attempted it.—For the notes I alone must be accountable.—And so, gentle or ungente Reader, fare thee well!

does),

does), and her dress, unlike that of my countrywomen, is of English materials; but, in endeavouring to adorn her, I have adhered to the forms and fashions of her own country, because none other would so well become her.

Among the advices, which you have so kindly given me, and by which I have so little profited, you have often desired me to translate something. This pleased me very much in Italian, and not a little in French. The translating of it into English has been of the service to me in all the three languages which you always told me translating would.—But, say you, “I never told you “to commence authorefs.”—True—“Wherefore, then, this pride, pomp “and circumstance of printers’ devils?”—Why, my dear brother, I wished to know, whether I could write English or not, from voices less partial than your’s. A greater book would have been a still greater evil.—Say another word—and I’ll prefix your titles at full length, with an elegant engraving of our family arms; and subscribe my  
name

name at due distance in all proper form and order. My dedication would naturally round itself with some such phrase as—"I make no apologies for  
" -entreating you to patronize a satire  
" which does not touch a single day of  
" your existence; nor can I, my Lord,  
" be ridiculed for misemploying that  
" time at least which is spent in as-  
" -suring your Lordship how truly I  
" am your Lordship's most, and most,  
" and most, &c. &c. &c."

Be not alarmed. Think not, as too many think of our sex, that, because I have once played the fool, I must play the fool every day. Here you have me in black and white. But the secret shall *never* escape *me*, and I shall never more repeat this printing frolic. *No one* will this once be the wiser, except my dear brother. He will immediately recollect the saucy girl whom he calls his

MARMOTE.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace, from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to study death.

MACBETH.

A

## FASHIONABLE DAY.

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**M**Y son, attend to my wisdom, and bow thine ear to my understanding. Whether poured down through a series of noble ancestry, like the Nile, unconscious of its rise, the purest blood rolls along thy veins, and swells thee out with ideas of merit not thine own; or an æconomical and laborious father has contrived, by dint of wealth, to make the lowness of thine origin for-

A

-gotten



-gotten—Bow thine ear to my counsels.  
None that can displease shall offend thee.

To teach thee to trick old Time, and  
rob the vulgar scarecrow of his hour-  
-glass and scythe, is all my present pur-  
-pose. Poor soul! How long, how te-  
-dious are thy days! Morning, noon,  
evening and night—with what cruelly  
slow and deliberate feet they creep one  
after the other! Let us see if there  
be not some method to make them,  
appear at least to, travel faster. Tread  
we must the weary path—My hand  
may haply strew the path with flowers.

Thy fourth lustre not yet completed,  
already thou hast visited every temple  
dedicated by Britain or by France to  
Gaming or to Love.

The



The most famous have received thy offerings, and we behold thee once more restored to Italy, like the holy pilgrim on his return from Compostella, bearing about thee no doubtful marks of thy travels and thy triumphs. It is now time that the wearied sole of thy foot find rest. In vain the drum of Mars would call thee forth to other exploits. Let the mad multitude brave the dangers of war, and expose their lives in quest of the empty smoke of murderous glory. Thou hast done enough to establish thy renown. Live and enjoy its fruits. Not even do all the fatiguing arts invented by Minerva deserve thy notice. Let Apollo collect around him a circle of wretched pe-

A 2 -dants

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-dants to whom he may dictate and hold forth. Thou art not to be guided by any but thine own lights. Books do but warp the mind.—Bow thine ear to my counsels.

Now, Morning with rosy fingers unbars the gates of the East, and announces to the world the return of labour and of light. Already the wakeful son of labour has unwillingly quitted his thing called a bed, where barricadoed with the cradles of his children, by the side of his young and tender \* wife, he thought the night so short. He quits his hut, following  
with

\* The pencil of false Taste has endeavoured (but how ineffectually!) to give a colouring to this vulgar groupe of *Miserables*. The poetical painting, from which I have copied it, is ascribed to Mrs. S. our modern Cecilia.

The

with slow pace the slow steps of his oxen,  
 whose labours he is about to share. And  
 now he hastens to his plough through  
 a narrow path o'er-canopied with dew-  
 -dropping bushes, from which the rude  
 hand of the gentlest zephyr shakes a  
 shower of diamonds. The air resounds  
 with the frequent strokes of busy ham-  
 mers. The smith hastens to finish the  
 chest of iron which Avarice expects to  
 secure his treasures. While other ar-  
 -tists are employed to purify the gold  
 and silver of Potosi, which are to form

The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,  
 The child of Poverty, the heir to Toil,  
 Early, from radiant Love's impartial light,  
 Steals one small spark to cheer his world of night.  
 Dear spark! which oft, through Winter's chilling woes,  
 Is all the warmth his little cottage knows.

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a variety of trinkets destined by Gallantry for the toilet of Love.

What—dost thou shudder at but the name of Labour? Calm thy apprehensions. Labour does not dare approach thee. Thou art not of the number of those whom yesterday's setting sun beheld around a frugal table; and who, soon after, profited of the uncertain assistance of friendly twilight, to find their hard and downless beds, on which they might throw their wearied, drowsy bodies. So live the vulgar. But thy slumbers are disturbed if the hand of Negligence has rumpled one of the rose-leaves that compose thy couch.—But thou, bright offspring of the demigods, thou, whom Jupiter undoubtedly created



created of a different clay from other mortals, be thou elevated above the vulgar, and forget not thine origin.

With what admiration do I call to mind, how, after passing the last night at a ball or a gaming table, thy gilded chariot at length received thee, lighted by noonday flambeaus, and drawn by courfers whose speed thy driver could with difficulty govern. Their noisy steps echoed through the still ear of Night like the sounds of thunder. So, in the midst of darkness, on the shores of Sicily, is seen Pluto, when the furies with their torches run before his car, and affrighted Ocean, roaring on his troubled bed, announces the presence of a God.

Thus didst thou approach thy pa-

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-lace. There, awaited thee a most de-  
-licious supper, after which, amidst the  
various wines of France and Spain, a  
bottle of Tokay, with his crown of  
ivy, seemed to reign supreme. Bacchus  
soon resigns thee up to Morpheus, who,  
with his own hands, prepares thy vo-  
-luptuous couch. Thy slaves close the  
curtains, and retire in silence. For me,  
I wait thy waking, when the sun, at his  
highest noon, indignant that there still  
remains one corner of the world un-  
-enlightened by his beams, shall pass the  
golden barriers which surround thee,  
and force thine eyes to open. Then,  
like Mentor inspired by Minerva, I  
hasten to teach thee those impor-  
-tant duties that ought to employ  
the



the rapid hours of morning, which has already taken its flight from the rest of the world, but still lingering condescends to hover here on thy account.

At the sound of the silver bell, which declares thy slumbers finished, a crowd of well-dressed slaves hasten to present themselves to their master. Lest thy weakened sight should at first be overpowered, they afford as yet but a narrow channel to the torrents of light which would otherwise overwhelm thine eyes ; and imitate, as it seems, Aurora, who bursts not on us all at once, but approaches by degrees. Take courage, then, my son—exert thyself so far as to recline upon these eider-down

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-down cushions which thou hast hardly strength enough to dent. Once more—one other effort to break the chains of Morpheus! Oh that, in this glorious moment, could enter one of our ancient worthies of other times, Bayard, Tancred or Rinaldo! Such as they appeared, when, their nodding helmets on their heads, shaking their ponderous lances, their loud and terrible voices cried “To arms!” and assembled their warriors at the dawn of day. They would immediately blush with shame for their unfashionable appearance; and with deeper shame undoubtedly than Minerva, when she perceived in the water the distortion of her countenance while she sounded the flute, and recollected

-lected that for a moment she had preferred the graces to glory and to talents.

But, behold a minister of Comus approaches, who offers thee two basons of the finest china, containing each a different beverage, whose mingled perfumes already captivate the senses. It is but too embarrassing to know to which the preference is due. Attend to Reason who speaks to thee by my voice. Dost thou feel thy stomach weakened by the fatigues of the night? Choose, without hesitation, this which is sent to thee as a tribute by the black inhabitants of Carraque, \* and by the Caribbs

\* The affectionate papa of master Martinus Scriblerus contrived to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even down to his dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of cloaths, which might afford

-ribbs whose hair is ornamented with the feathers of the parrot. But, if a gloomy vapour suddenly oppresses thy brain and clouds thine imagination, let thy choice decide in favour of this balsamic beverage whose source is at Mocha; and which was undoubtedly the precious nectar quaffed by the gods in the presence of their favourite Homer, that

afford him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He never gave him a fig or an orange but he obliged him to give an account of the country from which it came. How ridiculous was all this! How properly have we gone into the other extreme! Was it not Socrates who, at the meridian of his wisdom, confessed that he *knew nothing*? Our young men and women are all as wise at least as Socrates.—My own sex, nay the other sex, will excuse me for informing them that the best coffee comes from Mocha, and the best chocolate from Carraque and the Caribbee islands.

Now, young gentleman, say to yourself, or to the person to whom you are reading this note, "I could have told her as much." You will run no risk in venturing the fib.

conferred



conferred immortality on their youth and their mirth. The former has fixed, I perceive, thy taste. Consider, as thy lips carelessly sip it, the astonishing revolutions by which it has reached thine hands; and, thence, judge of thy merit and thy consequence. For this purpose, a second race of Argonauts committed themselves to the winds, and dared unknown oceans. Cortez and Pizarro undertook to subdue the Kingdom of Montezuma, and the immense empire of the Incas. Montezuma dies. Behold his successor on his burning bed of roses. The throne of the Incas is subverted. I see them and their subjects murdered, and the country of their fathers deluged with the blood of Innocence. But, of what consequence

-sequence is all the blood of the new world, if it procure thee a new breakfast \*.

Heaven forbid that at this moment they should by mistake admit that troublesome tradesman who calls again to ask for his property as for a favour, and whose embarrassing appearance might perhaps disturb thy important digestion ! Rather send immediately for the delightful man who so gracefully instructs thy feet; or for him who

\* Shenstone's stanza in "The Rape of the Trap" is applicable to other animals than rats ;

A river or a sea

Was to him a dish of tea,

And a Kingdom bread and butter.

Judge Jefferies would sometimes boast that he had hanged half a dozen of his fellow-creatures before breakfast. Spanish cruelty, nay European civilization in general, has made many a good meal on mankind.

teaches



teaches thy voice the rapid quaverings of modern music; or, above all, for him who, rich in all the treasures of the French idiom, condescends to travel hither for the purpose of instructing us to despise that language which once celebrated with so much harmony the divine charms of Laura, the enchanting beauties of Armida, and wonderful exploits of Orlando \*. Yes, these are the teachers of wisdom, my son, who should be preferred before all those of Rome or Greece.

\* The language of a Shakespeare and a Milton has its obligations also to French teachers. The translator (or whatever she is called) of this little book, from the Italian and the French, must resign the praise of adding to these obligations, should it be imputed to her—for she does not mean it. Her inexperience and want of taste make her think the language of her country has been quite enough frenchified at least by Mr. Gibbon's History.

But,

But, while each is studying how best to accomplish thee in his separate art, suffer them all to unite in the task of enriching thee with the news of the day. Knowest thou to what actor's head the crown of excellence was decreed last night in the new theatre? Are there any news of the beautiful Lais, who has pigeoned \* so many *My Lords*, and sent them home to philosophize on the banks of the Thames? Is it fact that we are

\* Fashion must excuse me for borrowing this expressive word from his dictionary.—The above passage shows that nations can be jealous of each other as well as individuals. Were the gallant Marquis de Fayette an English Nobleman, he would challenge the Pope, or apply his toe to another part than the mouth of his Holiness, for suffering such a falsity to be published in his capital. Why does not Lord Carlisle profit by his adversary's patriotism?

Then—how proud ought we to feel of the difference between the fashionable conversation of London and of Rome!

to

to expect the return of this wonderful dancer, this Italian Vestris, whose presence so disturbs our Roman husbands? — These are the topics of conversation by which the praise of understanding is acquired in modern Rome.

What do I see? Like Alexander inflamed by the recital of the exploits of Achilles, and burning to shine in the field of Victory, thou snatchest thyself from the effeminate arms of Rest! Fly to him, oh ye, the happy ministers of his grand designs! Let one present him with this Asiatic robe, for which, upon his sole account, Fashion has condescended to travel as far as to China. Let another offer him his rose-coloured slip-

B

-pers;

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-pers \* ; another his perfumed handkerchief; another the sponge for his teeth; another a pomatum for his complexion; another a silver-gilt basin containing an odoriferous paste made of the fruit of that famous tree which, at its birth, cost Demophoon † so much grief.

Oh

\* How must a foreigner be surprised, who pays us the compliment to learn our language! He is advised to read this *bagatelle*, and to compare it with the French and the Italian. "A kind of a translation, Monsieur, by Lady ———." He finds *rose-coloured slippers*. He is recommended to the perusal of Lady C—n's "Modern anecdote," wherein he is told [p. 31.] that "these two persons" and Cecil eat their breakfasts full of the most *rose-coloured thoughts*.—What must be his idea of the meaning of the word *rose-coloured* in our fashionable language?

† On this tree hangs a tale. My male readers may possibly have forgotten, what they spent from six to sixteen in learning; and my female readers perhaps never heard this curious tale; so I will relate it.—As this gentleman (Demophoon) was returning from the Siege of Troy, he touched at a port in Thrace. Whether he had a pert commission in the horse guards, or not, of those days, does not



Oh my son, shall so many objects, multitudinous as they are, entirely take thee up? No—after thy precious self, another person merits thy attentions. Well thou knowest that Heaven has destined thee an amiable companion to help thee to support thy load of life.—Hah, thy cheeks grow pale! And didst thou think I spoke of the insupportable yoke of Hymen? Pardon me for only pronouncing in thy hearing a name condemned to eternal ridicule. Is it possible I could entertain such an

not appear; but Phyllis, the daughter of Lycurgus, no Penelope, inclined her ear unto him, and suffered him to have his wicked will of her. After the usual time, he abandons her, and she hangs herself on an almond tree.—It does not appear that Demophoon was brought to any gallows. Such villainies were the *ton*, I suppose, in his days, as well as in our's.—There is a reason for an almond.

idea? Would the Gods, who have bestowed upon thee so many charms, forgive my stopping thee in thy mid career? What an irreparable injury to society, shouldst thou quit this whirlwind of fashion, in which thou ridest and directest the storm, in order to confuse thyself with the obscure herd of papas! How could thy sublime intellects stoop to the amusements of infants! Laugh, my accomplished son, at those good sort of gentry our ancestors, who were ridiculous enough to leap for joy at the titles of husbands and of fathers.

Time was when every heart bowed to Hymen, and Hymen and Love, were worshipped in the same Temple. That time, to our happiness, is now no more.

Behold



Behold the blessed revolution, in consequence of which Love and Hymen now possess divided empires.

Love was originally intrusted to the care and protection of his elder brother Hymen. Their mother was apprehensive that the little deity, as he was rather near-sighted, might lose his way in the crooked paths of this world of our's; and, using his bow and arrow at hazard, might do mischief among mankind. "My dear children," said their tender mother, embracing them both — "upon no account separate from each other; United, your happiness is certain. The shafts of the one will then fly with more force; the arrows

ed from London. B 3 "of

“of the other will then reach more  
“certainly the mark.”

Love, as yet but an infant, submitted quietly to the arrangements of his mamma. No sooner was he sensible of his powers, than he plainly saw that he might reign alone. He tries the strength of his pinions, and, soaring into the air, hovers above the flight of the Eagle, and hardly distinguishes this speck of earth. snatching his arms, he cries, “No—elder brothers were not made  
“for me!” On a proud and rapid wing he returns to his mother. “What!”—exclaims he—“ Shall Love, the most  
“powerful of the gods, the almightiest  
“of the almighties, be only the tame  
“slave of an elder brother! Must he  
“not

" not shoot a single arrow which is not  
 " directed by the hand of this gloomy  
 " tyrant? Why am I trusted with arms  
 " I must not use? since my ambitious  
 " brother will be master, let him reign  
 " alone. Love never will go halves in  
 " Empire. But I have some pity for  
 " mankind, who would pine themselves  
 " to death in his curst chains. Divide,  
 " then, the empire of the world be-  
 " tween us. Enough. We never more  
 " ascend one throne." He said, and,  
 with an air like Mars, his fierceness  
 waits the answer of his mamma. She  
 takes him upon her knee, she pres-  
 ses him to her bosom. Caresses, tears,  
 prayers, kisses (the kisses of the mother  
 of Love) were all in vain. " Well

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“th”en—at last exclaimed the discon-  
 -solate parent—“since you can’t agree  
 “to reign together, each must have a  
 “separate Kingdom. Thou, the more  
 “hasty but less clear-sighted, reign thou  
 “over the hearts of mankind by day.  
 “Thou wilt never be in want of sub-  
 “jects over whom to tyrannize.—  
 “Thou more peaceable and more timid,  
 “erect thy standard, assemble thou thy  
 “troops, by night.”—So spake Venus,  
 and Hymen and Love separated never  
 to meet again \*.

Profit

\* Oh, how completely wretched they who shall ever  
 behold a reconciliation between these two Kings of Brent-  
 ford! Reputation is related to Hymen by the mother’s side.  
 They also have very wisely set up for themselves, and di-  
 -vided the partnership, in spite of the following sermon.

GENIUS,

Profit we, my dear son, by this happy divorce ; and suffer not any ridiculous

GENIUS, VIRTUE, AND REPUTATION.

*From De la Motte. Book V. Fable 6.*

AS Genius, Virtue, Reputation,  
Three worthy friends, o'er all the nation  
Agreed to roam ; then pass the seas,  
And visit Italy and Greece ;  
By travel to improve their parts,  
And learn the languages and arts ;  
(Not like our modern fops and beaux,  
T' improve the pattern of their cloaths)

Thus Genius said—" Companions dear,  
" To what I speak, incline an ear.  
" Some chance, perhaps, may us divide :  
" Let us against the worst provide,  
" And give some sign by which to find  
" A friend thus lost, or left behind.  
" For me, if cruel fate should ever  
" Me and my dear companions sever,  
" Go, seek me 'midst the walls of Rome ;  
" At Angelo's or Raphael's tomb ;  
" Or else at Virgil's sacred shrine,  
" Lamenting with the mournful Nine."

Next Virtue, pausing ;—(for she knew  
The places were but very few,

Where



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lous scruples to delay thy conquests. It  
is even for the interest of Hymen you  
should

Where she could fairly hope to stay  
Till her companions came that way :)  
"Pass by," she cry'd, "the court, the ball,  
"The masquerade and carnival,  
"Where all in false disguise appear,  
"But Vice, whose face is ever bare;  
" 'Tis ten to one, I am not there.  
"Cælia, the loveliest maid on earth!  
"I've been her friend, e'er since her birth;  
"Perfection in her person charms,  
"And virtue all her bosom warms;  
"A matchless pattern for the fair:  
"Her dwelling seek, you'll find me there."  
Cry'd Reputation, "I, like you,  
"Had once a soft companion too:  
"As fair her person, and her fame,  
"And Coquetissa was her name.  
"Ten thousand lovers swell'd her train;  
"Ten thousand lovers sigh'd in vain:  
"Where-e'er she went, the dangles came;  
"Yet still I was her favourite flame:  
"Till once,—('twas at the public show)  
"The play being done, we rose to go;  
"A thing, who long had eyed the fair,  
"His neck stiff yok'd in solitaire,

"With

should rob him of his treasures. Is it not to thee that yonder husband owes at this instant the caresses of a tender wife? As soon as she waked, she recollected the delicious party for this evening which she planned with thee last night. How cruel, should her husband disturb arrangements that promise

“ With clean white gloves first made approach,

“ Then begg’d to lead her to her coach :

“ She smil’d, and gave her lily hand ;

“ Away they trip it to the Strand :

“ A hackney-coach receiv’d the pair,

“ They went to—but, I won’t tell where.

“ Then lost she Reputation quite.

“ Friends, take example from that night,

“ And never trust me from your sight.

“ For oh! if cruel fate intends

“ Ever to part me from my friends,

“ Think that I’m dead ; my death deplore ;

“ But never hope to see me more !

“ In vain you’ll search the world around ;

“ Lost Reputation’s never to be found.”

so much joy ! Hymen must now be blinded by Love. Oh thou delightful husband, receive those transports of which thy wife is this morning so prodigal—in-deed how canst thou refuse or avoid them ? But be not thou jealous, my son, of such transports. How different they from those reserved for thee by Love !

—Our time presses. At thy bidding let the most faithful of thy slaves fly to the palace of thy well-beloved, and return with the speed of Cupid to calm thy uneasiness concerning a health so dear as her's. Many hours indeed have not past since thine eyes beheld her flourishing and gay as the Queen of the garden. Thou canst not have forgotten the enchanting liveliness with which  
she

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she leapt yesterday from the chariot wherein thou hadst accompanied her, nor the significant glance of an eye overflowing with health and pleasure when she modestly refused the assistance of thine arm to conduct her to the apartment of her husband. Yet, Love is ever apprehensive. How can we tell? Perhaps her dear little lap-dog, by a cruel barking, has dispersed the dream which presented to her tendernefs thy dearer self. Perhaps her repose has been disturbed by the filthy pretensions of her husband; who, content to trust the day to chance, imagines that Hymen should at least reign by night (according to the decree of his mother); and that

that he may presume to gather a flower now and then in his own garden.

While we wait the return of this slave, who, with one word, shall calm thy troubled soul, make the most of that precious time which is every moment on the wing. The sun and his companion Labour at present rule the world. For thee the children of Labour are employed. Their furrows break the stubborn glebe wherein they scatter the seed moistened with the sweat of their brows—happy, too blest, if their toils provide thee with the appendages of Elegance and Luxury. In short every hand is in agitation to afford thee pleasure, and to vary the works of art to the variations of thy Caprice. But behold,



hold, thy toilet calls thee. There it is that Art will instruct thee to display the gifts of Nature. Thence it is that thou e'er long shalt issue, in all thy blaze of charms, to enlighten the world, and make it some amends for its troubles and its toils.

Already, arrayed in a long robe of dazzling white, three times hast thou traversed the mysterious temple. Loose thy dishevelled hair, and wildly flowing on thy shoulders, thou encouragest thyself to commence the solemn mysteries of the God of Taste. So raged about her cave, with hair erect, the Cumean Sibyl, conscious of the presence of the Deity, and impatient of the incumbent God. The moment is arrived. The  
object

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object of thy worship is propitious, and will answer to thy prayers. Place thyself before this glass, which, well-pleased, reflects thine image. There thou shalt read thine oracles. Profit by that inspiration, whose fury is not yet subsided, to direct the hands which have already begun to build the lofty structure of thine head-dress. Attracted by the thousand, and ten thousand sweets, Zephyr flutters round thee with his butterfly wings, and mistakes thy toilet for that of Flora \*.

Oh

\* Take away Pope's poetry, and his Sylphs, and I know not that he has succeeded better in describing Belinda's toilet, though the passage is not the worst in his poem.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,  
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.  
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,  
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic powers.

A heavenly

Oh thou, to whose charge it is com-  
 -mitted to adorn this much-loved head  
 —what destinies are not at the mercy

A heavenly image in the glass appears,  
 To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;  
 The inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,  
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.  
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here  
 The various off'rings of the world appear;  
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.  
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.  
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.  
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.  
 Now awful Beauty puts on all her arms;  
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,  
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,  
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;  
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.  
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care  
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,  
 Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,  
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

C

of

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of thy hands ! Already thou hast begun the work of Fate. See the grisly texture grow ! 'Tis the woof of victory ! —Hah ! Whence these revolutions ! Look in the faithful glass which stands before thy master. Seest thou not how he bites the lips of impatience, and reddens with the rage of madness, at the error of thy careless hand ? Caitiff ! Behold his feet convulsed with anger ; hear them repeatedly strike with passion the inlaid floor. His voice is the voice of an offended God. See, his furious hands in an instant destroy all the labour of thine Art. Wait patiently till the storm subsides—oppose not thy weakness to its rage. But, if, instead of repairing thine error, thou art  
unfortunately

unfortunately ignorant of the fashion which yesterday arrived from Paris—all is at an end. His indignation is too just. He rises in a paroxysm of fury. Glass, crystal, china, furniture—every thing is consigned to destruction. 'Tis well, if, in the general Devastation of madness, thou escape. Less furious, of old, in the temple of Delphos, the victim, if chance he escaped from the upheld knife of sacrifice, and, bursting the sacred fillets, overthrew altar, vases, tripods, and made the long-drawn isles re-echo to his roaring—while the priests and their assistants, shuddering at the fatal omen, fled in huge dismay, astonished at the sudden fierceness of an animal, who, but, an instant before



36 A FASHIONABLE DAY.

bowed his gilded horns obedient to the hands of sacrifice.—But be not terrified at the rage of thy master. In noble and generous souls, anger is but a star which for a moment shoots athwart the gloom of Night. Soon shalt thou behold this furious master resume his wonted serenity, like the sea after a storm. He shall repent him of his rage, entreat thy pardon, and elevate thee perhaps above thy fellows.

To thee, my son, I return. Forgive me, that, in thy sacred presence, I have dared address a simple mortal. Yet, an artist so important merits some distinction. Does he not govern and take charge of the first heads in the state? Then, the most illustrious women in  
Rome,

Rome, who, from their cars of triumph, look not so low as the vulgar, do not disdain to converse and trifle with him, while he forms the curl that loves to rest upon the heaving neck \*.

\* With us also the masculine hairdresser is more worthy than the feminine, and not even the feminine than the neuter—for we have Italian artists in this line, as well as Rome. But, let not censure hint that we are less modest, because we do not have our own sex about us in those moments when the presence of the other sex is most indecent. —Lady Five-stars-and-a-dash was dressing in a great hurry for the Pantheon. Monsieur and his assistant, after one short hour, had almost finished one side. “Good Heavens!” cried My Lady, hastily pinning up her dressing-gown, on the door’s opening—“There’s a *man*!” “Eh, bien! *Milady*”—said Monsieur—“and what you tinka de me all dis time?” It is true, her Ladyship had never thought of of him and his assistant; but genuine virtue is always least suspicious.

For my part, I think the men cannot do too much for us. And I hope yet to see the time when they will not only make stays for us, but wear them—when they will not only lay the foundations of our children and usher them into life for us, but undergo all the intermediate trouble of them.

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While his creative comb again endeavours to erect the monument of Taste, learn to make a double use of the hours which are passing from thee never to return. On thy toilet I perceived a most enticing book; which, to render itself agreeable to thine eyes, disputed the praise of elegance with all thy other trinkets. Its cover is of the production of Morocco, richly gilt, which varies to the eye like the neck of the favourite dove of Venus. It is the masterpiece of a French artist. It invites thee to throw away a moment's attention upon it. With a negligent air, stretch out an uncertain arm to reach it. Open it carelessly, with the hand of hazard,

hazard, or as the rose-coloured \* ribbon shall direct thee. Oh thou, the wonderful Proteus of France; thou, who, in thy immortal writings, shalt amuse and instruct ages yet unborn; Voltaire, deign to form the mind of my son by the adventures of that famous maiden once so terrible to England. Come also to our succour thou who hast given new charms to the invaluable works of Bocace and Ariosto, and hast made them

\* "Again!" says the foreigner whom I mentioned in a former note—"We shall soon read of *rose-coloured* horses."—What the books are, of which we presently hear, I know not, nor am solicitous to know—were I; some of my married friends could, I dare say, lend them to me. Should any English hero, unacquainted with French, wish to substitute productions of his own country in their place, I should suppose the *mountebank* Life of Mr Shandy would do for the purpose. "The Sentimental Journey" I want for my own reading.

40      A FASHIONABLE DAY.

both jealous of thy powers of poetry.  
Performances most admirable, my son! of  
which it becomes thee well to study the  
light beauties and the solid instruction!  
Instructions and beauties that are almost  
all contained in those masterpieces of  
Science, which France, every day more  
fruitful and more liberal, kindly  
suffers us to export; where grave  
Sultans and Arabian Ladies reason so  
learnedly and so naturally; and where  
every thing, down to a parrot, a  
spaniel, and a fopha, hold forth upon  
love, and read lectures. Sentimental,  
philosophical soul of my heroë, what  
treasures hast thou not already drawn  
from these rich and exhaustless mines!  
Hence it is that modern Rome already  
listens



listens to thee as to her oracle. And who is he daring enough to refuse thee his applause, when, thy understanding heated with the sacred fire of the genius of our age, thou criest out against that ignorance which chills thy country, and endeavourest to dissipate the thick clouds of darkness which the Goths and the Vandals left behind them in a part of the world where once flourished all the arts? Yes, by thee the arts shall be again restored. The blessed revolution, which shall give us once more to see the brilliant days of ancient Rome, cannot be far distant, since thou every morning condescendest to plan the scheme of restoration, while the learned hands of Art are employed in repairing the disorder

-order of the outside of thy head, and in restoring it to symmetry and taste. Sacrifice not, however, my son, even to these flattering hopes, the luxury of now and then unbending thy mind from these fatiguing meditations. Receive this elegant artist, who returns to his country enriched with every novelty invented by Fashion on the banks of the Seine. He is not ignorant that thy taste, disgusted at what is common, approves of every thing in proportion to the distance from which it comes. Therefore it is that he sacrifices the praise he merits, in order to give to his own performances the reputation of being foreign.

But I see another artist approach,

the

the favourite of the daughters of Venus, the sly and secret painter of the mysteries of Paphos. Yes; thy rage, my son, is not, I confess, without foundation. What bitter reproaches does he not deserve? He has not even yet completed that delightful miniature, where we discover too many charms not to be certain it can be only thy picture. Oh, my son, how will she whom thou art to meet to-night, how will the wife of thy friend, sufficiently thank thee for enabling her thus continually to feast her eyes with thy beauties! Choose—whether wilt thou grace her white and taper arm, which Venus well might envy; or hide thyself beneath her tucker, where Cupid loves to nestle?

I know

I know not if I dare examine this other miniature, which he presents thee with a smile. Hah—surely I recollect her face! Is it not the young actress whom thou condescendest to patronize? It is; and the artist, concealed in thy apartment for the purpose, has painted her in the voluptuous character of Leda, caressing the milk-white neck of her stately swan, and panting with pleasure on his downy bosom.

While I speak, Art has done for the outside of thine head, almost as much as her rival Nature for the inside. Not a lock, not a hair, which has not its position assigned it by the hands of Elegance and Taste. Remains there nothing more? Already the carefully-prodigious

-prodigal hand of an experienced slave has filled thy apartment with a thick and impenetrable cloud of powder. Boldly face the strange whirlwind. Courage, my Heroe! It will not overwhelm thee. Thus it was that the boldest of thine ancestors, braving all the thunders and lightnings of Mars, gained immortality by defending thy country. Thus it was that, after having put the enemy to flight, returning from the battle, their hair dishevelled and their faces not dishonourably stained with blood and sweat and smoke, they inspired terror even into those whom their valour had preserved. They were an armour of safety, a buckler of defence, to their country: for thee it

was



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was reserved to be its pink, its ornament. Hearest thou not the cries of thy countrymen impatient to behold thee? But the melancholy fun is packing up to remove from an horizon where thou wilt not suffer him to display thy charms. It is now time that thy slaves prepare, with light and careful hands, to invest thee with those garments, over which the industrious taste of the daughters of the Seine hath scattered all the beauties of embroidery \*.

Tutelary

\* Let me be indulged in this note on account of my sex. —It has often occurred to me that few situations are more cruel than that of a nun (young, perhaps, and beautiful), fancying and working a female ornament, to be exposed to sale at the grate of her convent, her perpetual prison. Can any punishment equal that of a girl, who should be obliged by a partial father to work for a less accomplished sister-in-law, nay to *fancy* things to adorn her person at a ball

Tutelary Genius of Italy, thou whom the Gods have sent on earth to gather under the shadow of thy wings the race of modern heroes! With thine

ball where she is not suffered to appear? Yet this is only for *one evening*.—Oh, I can see the amiable child of Sense and Beauty, whom family Pride and Poverty have lately joined with Superstition to snatch from the arms of Love, and consign to eternal imprisonment! She is employed upon the trimming of a gown, bespoken by the Duchesse of Devonshire for the birth-day; which is intrusted to her in order to employ her thoughts, and from the opinion the Lady Abbess entertains of her taste. She calls forth all that taste; her fancy warms as she works; she suits the colours to her own beautiful eyes and hair and complexion; she forgets she is not working for herself; she recollects what her lover used to say became her best, and adds it; she thinks how she shall surprise and charm that lover in her new ornaments; she pins part of them on, and runs to the glass (for even nuns have glasses) to see if they indeed become her—when, behold! her own dress immediately reminds her that her eyes have taken a final leave of her lover, that they have taken a final leave of the world, that “To read and weep is all they now can do!”

—The glass might give at the moment, but no power of painting could preserve, the mingled distress of her countenance.

OWN

48 A FASHIONABLE DAY.

own hands present to him, whom I celebrate, his terrible sword. Let it hang as conveniently as possible, that courage may readily find it in the moment of necessity. How richly is its guard ornamented! Venture with thy hands which drop new-quicken'd gore \* to adjust its splendid Knot. That Venus who is the object of my hero's adoration, shaded the embroidery of it, and herself adorned with it the sword of this new Mars, by whom she was subdued. So, at the princely court of Arthur, the daughters of Love and

\* This strong expression is neither Italian, nor French. In order to improve upon my originals, I have borrowed it from an English *boy*. See that letter from poor Hackman to Miss Reay which gives the curious account of Chatterton. "Love and Madness," 2d edition, p. 243.

Courage bedecked with scarfs and plumes of feathers the intrepid knights, who, in honour of their mistresses, sallied forth in quest of monsters and of giants.

You, ye daughters of Memory I invoke, who formerly enumerated so exactly the different battalions, names and devices of the heroes commanded by the haughty Agamemnon, the pious Æneas, and the wise Godfrey. How, without your assistance, can I recount the various weapons with which my hero is about to arm himself, in order to insure his meditated victories!

His warlike hand first grasps the golden etwee, which, like a military arsenal furnished with every instrument

D

of

of war, contains all the necessary arms for his polished nails and enamelled teeth. With him I must give the second place to this chryſtal bottle, where are concealed, as a body of reſerve, the volatile ſpirits of the Jeſſamine and the roſe; that they may hereafter conquer thoſe preſumptuous ſmells, which ſometimes dare to wander from the atmosphere of the vulgar, and aſſail the noſtrils of ſuperior beings. Next he ſeizes a transparent box, which contains paſtills of all colours, where amber and caſhoo unite their ſweets, ſent as a tribute by the diſtant Japaneſe to perfume the breath of Faſhion. This box is accompanied by another, the beautiful Jasper of which is ornamented with a  
rim



rim of gold. Its contents are a magazine of small but powerful grains, formed from the yellow cakes into which condenses the milky juice which for thee, my son, Caramania \* distils from the heads of her poppies. Oh Love, render this precaution useless! But if, in one of thy capricious moments, all blind as thou art, thou suffer the dearest of thy favourites to be unfortunate—grant, at least, that gentle slumbers by degrees may quiet his despair—that a heavenly dream may seem to grant him all thy favours!

\* I am not going to explain this, young gentleman. You will pick up a little geography and natural history from the perusal of my book. I don't say any thing, as Sir Fretful Plagiary says; but this I will say, that Caramania is not to be found in the map of English post-roads.

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Next he arms himself with a pocket telescope with four glasses, and a golden ring which by a hinge adapts to his eye an English lens \*. The former shall place the whole theatre in miniature this evening before the eyes of my son, the protector of the Arts; shall make him a nearer spectator of the elegant foot and leg of the dancer; and shall bring so close to him the rose-red lips and the heaving bosom of the musical syren, that he will almost think he can touch them. By this magic assistance he shall pierce through the darkness of

\* If I should not describe these two implements of Coxcombry in intelligible language, my readers must excuse me—for my eyes are not bad enough to need the help of a glass; and I hope I am not yet so entirely without attractions, as to assume the merit of defects.

the most obscure box where Modesty avoids his ogles. It shall enable his penetration to discover the ruffled, fluttering, air of a new Love; and the drooping feathers of a Love, tired of its master, and eager to be on the wing. What a fund of wit and scandal for to-morrow's conversation!

The latter, sage œconomist of my son's precious sight, will serve him as an excuse for not seeing the vulgars whom nobody knows, and will mark with a more flattering distinction those whom he deigns to honour with a passing ogle. Even now I seem to see my son apply his winking eye to this mysterious glass. Immediately it dissipates the clouds which obscured his

ideas. His mental, as well as his corporal, eye is instantaneously purged with euphrasy and rue. He forthwith passes sentence, from which there is no appeal, on the theatre of a Palladio, the scenery of a Titian, the compositions of a Metastasio. And it is, I doubt not, for the purpose of continually making observations which may render every decision more just, that he now snatches up his tablets—whereof the faithful ivory \* may receive his oracles, on the same leaf with the secret appointments of Love, which, from their

\* Asses skin would answer the purpose, I should think, better than ivory. I know many gentlemen who use it. But perhaps it is not yet common in Italy or France, or perhaps it would not accord with the dignity of the Epic.

multiplicity,

multiplicity, drive one another out of his crowded head.

How I tremble least my son, inspired at the sight of his tablets with profounder meditations, should forget his double-bladed knife, whose mother-of-pearl handle, that it might more certainly attract his sight, was ornamented by Amphitrite's nymphs with all the colours of the rainbow! Monster of ingratitude! And wouldst thou, then, forget this victorious weapon, which has so often carved thee out a path to glory, when, holding between earth and Heaven, like Hercules and Anteus, a bird of Phasis, thou hast dissected him at one stroke, as the invincible fabre



56 A FASHIONABLE DAY.

of Rinaldo cut up the stoutest giants \* :

The yet remaining pieces of his armour for a moment delay the departure of my hero. How many different boxes, spread before his ravished sight, await and solicit his embarrassed choice! One, simple and modest, preserves in all its freshness the powder which the indolent Spaniard prepares with so much industry at the Havannah; another, in all the elegance of enamel, is the depository of that which is procured for him at so much expense by the

\* The Italians and the French carry their own Knives with them always; English men and women drink out of the same glasses at dinner, and do not yet universally use three-pronged forks. Our world will last a little longer—it will not surely be at an end before its inhabitants have learnt to make themselves comfortable in it,

native

native of Holland. By means of these arms it is that he will, if not signalize his courage, at least display with grace a ruffle of a new stitch, and a diamond ring of the first fire and water.

At length, my son, thy tedious hour of toil is past. Long time has the pavement of thy court trembled under the impatient feet of thy horses, whom their whiskered charioteer is hardly able to restrain. To humour their spirit, sometimes he seems to abandon the reins to them; and sometimes, holding them in with a strong arm, he obliges them to rear upon their hind legs, and then, with a touch of his whip, makes them prance and caper. Exposed for some hours to the intolerable heat of noon,

X  
he

he curses in himself the tedious preparations of thy toilet, as if the brute could not comprehend that infinite distance which separates a master from his slave. Let him wait. Other secrets remain to be disclosed to thee, in order agreeably to vary the important leifures of thy morning.

The politician must in vain present thee with his hebdomadal papers, where the interests of all the nations of the known world are settled and explained in one line and an half. Attend only to those pompous paragraphs which announce the arrival of some foreign virtuoso, or of some unheard-of fashion. Interrupt even this serious intelligence, should a young and bashful

-ful female be introduced to thy patronage for that generous protection which thou ever lendest to ability and genius. Thyself conduct her to the judicious priest of Terpsichore, whose office it is to choose the virgins who compose her court. What sensation can equal that of procuring an asylum for Innocence and Beauty!

It may be, that, calling to memory the usages of ancient Rome, thou wilt seek the delicious bath, preceded by thy slaves bending under loads of perfume. Then perhaps, stript of all thine ornaments, and reduced to thy simple self, thou wilt be obliged to behold thyself a common mortal. So, we are informed by history, the fairies perceived,

60      A FASHIONABLE DAY.

ceived, on the fifth day, their immortal bodies suddenly overgrown with scales. Transformed into adders, Jupiter forced them to roll their tortuous folds. But, the morrow's sun beheld them, more beautiful than ever, confer happiness on all who were smitten with their charms, and with a single glance determine the fate of earth, of sea, and air.

My son, I behold with transport  
thine heart expand itself to my counsels  
like the flower of Venus to the gentle  
dew of the morning. But I tremble,  
lest in the midst of so many fatiguing  
concerns, thy strength should not equal  
thy courage. Pay some regard to thine  
anxious country which entreats thee  
sometimes



sometimes to suspend thy more than Herculean labours; and now and then to cease to be a heroë. The sun, after he has put to flight the fogs and vapours, smiles upon the world, and only darts the rays of benevolence. Deign thou, as an ordinary mortal, to break forth from thy palace on foot and without attendants, and condescend to breathe the fresh and early air of the morning. Thy legs ornamented with yellow buskins, thy body dressed in a light frock which flutters gracefully round thy elegant shape, abandon to the winds that hair which Art has not after all been able to reduce to form.—Yet, let a crooked comb, rich with diamonds, collect thy flowing tresses, and carefully

62 A FASHIONABLE DAY.

lessly fasten them under thy flapped and overshadowing hat. Thus equipped, with a taper cane in thy hand, thou shalt traverse the different quarters of Rome with the rapidity of lightning, and overturn all who oppose thy passage. Without hurry and bustle how would it be possible to distinguish a hero in a morning dress which confounds him with the vulgar mob ?

My counsels are bounded here for this morning. Thy prest watch announces the hour of appointment—— I distinguish its silver sound in spite of all its jingling trinkets. O ! the delightful playthings ! A little chariot which a set of the smallest flies would almost draw to pieces ; horses more diminutive

A FASHIONABLE DAY. 63

-minutive than those which Gulliver  
saw at Lilliput; an invifible catcall  
which has been the death of more than  
one play-wright. What elfe do I fee?  
Behold the pledge of Love! Why did  
I not fooner perceive the relic in its  
chryftal fhine! Hence, ye profane!  
To you it is not permitted to approach  
this myftery. And you, ye peerlefs  
Kights of other times, you who  
falled from kingdom to kingdom in  
queft of jufts and tournaments, bran-  
-dishing in the grasp of valour the  
weapon of victory, approach, behold  
the pacific hands of your defcendant  
playing with a coral, the fymbol of an-  
-cient innocence, of the infancy of the  
world,

64 A FASHIONABLE DAY.

world, and of the return of the golden age \*.

Finally, receive my tender adieus, my charming son, the heroe, the delight, the glory, the support of thy country! Behold thy slaves who attend thine orders. A running footman shoots away like a flash of lightning to inform the world it may expect to be made happy by thy presence. Two others assist thee with trembling arms to ascend thy chariot. How I approve

\* No wonder our young men of fashion are so much superior to the French and the Italians. To be sure they wear two watches, for this Italian heroe's one; and they tick like taylors; and drag rather too long chains for free-born Englishmen; and carry as many seals as a Jew pedlar or the lamb in the Revelations—but they wear no such trinket to their watches as a coral. Their's are all of real use—a dice-box, a t-totum, a compass, a cannon, &c. &c.

of

of the careless and philosophical air with which you negligently toss yourself upon the cushions carefully beaten up for the reception of your body! Vulgars, make way, tremble, keep your distances! Wretched he that shall for a moment retard the progress of my hero! His body shall be ground to powder against the stones that redden with his blood, the blood of the vulgar! What signifies the blood of the vulgar to a demi god!—

—After a certain time, the sun descends from the burning heights of noon. The contemptible herd, subject to the vicissitudes of Day, begin again to fill the streets, where the refreshing shadows stretch themselves more and

E

more



66 A FASHIONABLE DAY.

more toward the East. For thee, descendant of the Gods, aloof from the fordid revolutions of hours and of seasons, thou hast only to attend to thy noble whimsies.

At length, the mistress of thine affections has no more counsels to take from her glass. Her Taste, fluttering about and lighting, like a Butterfly, sometimes upon one colour and sometimes upon another, chooses and rejects, in the same moment, the same ornaments. Her women, whom she in the same breath caresses and scolds, despair of pleasing her. The resolution of one of them at last puts an end to their distress and to her ill humour. The favourite confidant of her projects opportunely

—portunately whispers—“ Madam, you  
 “ are killing to day !” A stupid crowd  
 of adorers chant the chorus to this song  
 of triumph, while they entertain her  
 with the scandal of the morning, in the  
 course of which are detailed intrigues  
 to which thou art not a stranger.

With what simplicity does the ami-  
 -able, good-fort-of-a-man, her husband,  
 smile at their conversation. Nothing  
 makes him uneasy but the apprehension  
 that he shall not see thee. Yet, let not  
 thy gratitude for his convenient civi-  
 -lity induce thee to throw away a single  
 thought upon what will become of  
 him for the remainder of the day—  
 Whether, humbling himself so far as to  
 herd with vulgar husbands, he is de-

68 A FASHIONABLE DAY.

terminated to preserve his matrimonial title, and unfashionably to eat his own dinner at his own table; or, mixing with more polished husbands, he accepts the invitation of a friend, where, seated by the side of a Lady whose husband has imitated his discreet example, he learns to forget his wife, and prevails on Love to make him some amends for the ill usage of his brother Hymen.

But wherefore dwell so long on such a subject? Hasten whither thou art beckoned by the sly finger of Love. Already the tumult which accompanies thy hasty march announces thee through all the suite of rooms. Her husband hastens to embrace thee. His wife dis-entangles her hand from the burning  
kisses

kisses of the daring youth by whom it was surprised. For thee only was reserved that sweet and blooming smile, which, while I speak, is fresh blown upon her pulpy lips. Before the light of thy countenance the whole army of lovers retreat. They know and respect thy rights. Yet every one looks forward to the moment of inconstancy which shall overturn those rights and name thy successor. To-day, however, who is he shall dare dispute thine empire? So mayest thou, at Ispahan, behold a grave Basia enter his seraglio, where Jealousy, at so much trouble and expense, conceals from the admiration of mankind the flower of Circassian beauty, whose damask bud is withered e'er 'tis blown.

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Majestically he passes through the crowd of Eunuchs, of both complexions, white as well as black, who line the apartments and silently incline their turbans at his presence. His eyes, rendered more terrible by their black and broad umbrageous brows, hardly condescend to regard the disgusting troop of slaves with that look of disdain which tells them to withdraw.

Now, my son, begins, indeed, thy triumph! This is the moment which is to display all thy charms to thy mistress. Thy left hand concealed under the left lap of a splendid waistcoat, whereby its embroidery appears to more advantage; let thy right hand fly  
to



to thy bosom, to coax and caress a well-work'd chitterling. Shrug up a little thy shoulders, poke out thy neck with grace, and take especial care that thy mincing and half-closed lips emit not more than a feeble murmur of abortive words.—She abandons to thee her beautiful hand. Be careful to imprint upon it a kiss; but such a kiss as shall plainly show thou art accustomed to favours more substantial. The whole assembly keep a profound, respectful silence. Draw thy seat a little nearer to her's, and, gently leaning towards her whisper something in her ear, no matter what; whereof a significant smile and glance of your eye shall appear to explain the mystery.

Now, bow thine ear to some necessary counsels. A long period of tranquillity has ever been reckoned ominous in the empire of Love. The experienced pilot dreads less, in the middle of the ocean, the tempest than the calm. How often conjures he every wind of heaven to spend its rage upon the dead-still plain, which his breathless rowers in vain endeavour to stir, while like a vast surface of immoveable marble it resists and smiles at all their efforts! Sportive Love sometimes delights to conceal himself under the hideous mask of Jealousy, and to support his borrowed character with all its anxieties and suspicions. It may be thy mistress merits his suspicions. Did she not, at last night's ball,

ball, discover too much pleasure on sight of the elegant stranger of whose accomplishments she had so much heard? She seemed, I thought, even to attend to him with emotion. Then, the air and manner of the young Frenchman appeared to make her thoughtful. Her eyes dwelt upon him with something like concern, and her half-blown mouth was like the rose which unfolds itself to the dew of the morning. Again; at the Opera, was not her glass more than once pointed at the box where was stationed that young warrior, the favourite of Mars and Venus, who puzzles Enumeration to determine whether he be richer in crowns of myrtle or of laurel?

Courage,

Courage, my son! Thy conduct takes effect. Behold, a cloud of anger darkens her troubled brow. She gnaws her rage-red lips. In vain she endeavours to conceal her passion. She, in her turn, will now reproach thee with thy want of rapture at the last interview of Love, and with thy nocturnal visits to subaltern beauties. What triumph for thee, my son, should her anger continue to the hour of dinner, and deprive her of her appetite! The guests will regard thee with a malignant sneer, while thou art universally the subject of their envy. What would they not give to be the happy object of such flattering anger!

But, alas! thou, meanwhile, art not without thy troubles. From the serene  
and

and tranquil air with which thou beholdest the storm that grumbles o'er thy head, they, who do not know thee, take thee for her husband.—Happy husbands of the present day, receive my song of gratulation ! How different you from the husbands of other times ! In those unpolished days, a horrible monster, with squinting, blood-shot eyes, took wing from the noisome Avernus. His head bristled with black and curling vipers. His hellish employment was to hunt out and fill with horror and dismay the peaceable habitation of Hymen. The affrighted woods and rocks resounded continually with the cries of his victims. On every side were beheld wives refusing to be comforted ;  
with



with clinched hands and drowned eyes calling Heaven to bear witness to their innocence. On every side were seen fierce and jealous husbands dragging their struggling prey into gloomy caves, illuminated by the torch of death, where they only found the alternative of a poniard or of poison. Oh senseless Italy! Thy suspicious furies justly gained thee the abhorrence of thy neighbours. But wherefore still reproach thee with being the abode of jealousy? Not even need Timidity be apprehensive of the monster who once laid waste this country. He spreads a darkling wing to fly beyond the Pyrennees, the watchful Cerberus of other loves. Let the Eastern world, in arms  
against

## A FASHIONABLE DAY. 77

against a timid female, place their frightful guards around the paths of Beauty. Rome has burst her shameful bonds, and gladsome Italy rejoices to follow her generous example.

Hark! The echo of the Palace dwells with pleasure on thy name. It has reached those subterraneous mansions where the high priest of Comus is employed in studying how to gratify the various palates of his guests. His white-aproned assistants are eager to obey his orders. And who is he more worthy to command them? Is not his country the country of Colbert and of Richelieu? With less majesty, of old, did Achilles order the sumptuous feast for the heroes of Greece, whereof Patroclus

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-clus and Automedon prepared the boiled, the roast, and the fried. Oh thou, more skilful than all the heroes of antiquity, soon shalt thou hear thy praises fly from mouth to mouth along with the dainties that they celebrate! And who is he shall dare refuse applause? My hero shall defend thy character. Wretched the daring parasite who shall not feel, or pretend to feel, enthusiasm so justly due to thy transcendent talents! Mournfully shall he tread the public walk to-morrow, exposed to all the rage of noon, and uninvited to a meal; while he repents too late that he flattered so much worse than his companions.

—While I speak, a servant announces  
that

that dinner is served. Hasten my son, to lend thine hand to thy mistress. Is it not thine office, Valour, to support the timid, tottering steps of Beauty? The rest of the company follow two by two. With an indolent and thoughtful air, the deserted husband closes the procession. Oh, ye Demi-gods, disdain not to employ a few moments in taking some slender nourishment! It is not Hunger, I well know, who, with his stinging, goads you on to desire the hour of dinner. Such groveling appetites are for the Tiger, the Vulture, the Vulgar. It is the rose-lipped cherub Pleasure, who beckons you to unbend yourselves at table, with the same inviting smile with which, in the disguise  
of

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of Hebe, she calls together the inhabitants of Heaven to taste of her immortal nectar.

Understand me not to assure you it was ever really so, but I have been told that formerly mankind were all equal. Those distinctions of the poor and the rich, the vulgar and the noble, were not then, it seems, so much as imagined. Guided by one common instinct, they wandered through the wilds of nature. Either Chance or Necessity led them to stop, without choice and without preference, at the first object which drew their indifferent attentions. Is it possible, my son, to believe this? They will even tell thee that thy primitive ancestors and the ancestors of this vile  
populace



populace betook themselves originally to slake their thirst at the same streams, to gather fruits from the same trees, and to disport themselves in the same shade. Cloathed all in the same rude manner with the skins of their sheep, they retired, after their savage enjoyments, into one common cave to taste the blessing of repose. Their sole employment was to avoid pain. Desire it had not yet entered into their hearts to conceive.

But this uniformity soon became tiresome to the Gods. For the purpose of introducing an agreeable variety, Pleasure was ordered to descend on Earth. Such as the God of Love is sometimes seen on his wanton flight to

F

Paphos;

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Paphos; such appeared this friendly divinity, as he descended from the empyrean, and, hovering in the air, lighted from his rainbow wing upon a heaven-kissing hill. Nature, though yet ignorant of his powers, received him with a smile. The fanning of his wings has already added, to the zephyrs freshness, and to the flowers perfume. The nymph, who pours her cascade from the top of yonder hill, contrives to make it murmur with a sound more lulling. By his side flutter Sport and Laughter. His lips breathe ambrosia, and invite the Graces to settle on them. From his languishing and half-closed eyes are emitted sparks of electricity which mark his passage through the air. At  
length

length, Oh fortunate earth! thou art sensible of his first footsteps, which gently kiss the flowers upon thy heights. How beautiful are his feet upon thy mountains! A gentle shivering spreads itself by degrees over thy bosom, and agitates thy whole frame. Thus, in the broiling heat of the dog-star, after hearing the distant thunder rouse himself from his cave, approach us by degrees, and alarm affrighted Echo in her wood, we behold with joy the descent of the fruitful shower which rejoices the flowers and the birds, and restores life to exhausted nature.

Happy mortals, you whom Jupiter formed of purer clay, for whom he

created organs more delicate, and more active fluids! You first perceived the gentle influence of this new divinity, who descended to reign on earth. At the same moment your astonished hearts became sensible of the agitation of desire. Desire purified your taste, taught you to distinguish the objects by which it might be satisfied, and inspired you with the means of acquiring their possession.

Then began that amiable sex, who had hitherto only been nosed out by Necessity, to extend their empire along with that of Beauty and of Grace. Thereafter, whatever could most agreeably gratify the senses of these voluptuous men, for ever fond of new sensations,

sensations, was sure to fix their fickle choice. Thereafter, was preferred, before the tasteless liquor of the fountain, the sparkling juice of Bacchus ; and, among the numerous wines which this jolly deity distributes by the tonfulls, they soon learnt to distinguish the vintage of Champaign. From this moment for ever disappeared that equality which till now had ruled mankind. And indeed how would it have been possible for the delicate and sensible souls of Fashion to have existed any longer connected with a vile populace, whose stiff and rigid nerves experience no trembling at the touch of Pleasure ; and who, like their kindred ox that traces with slow steps his



weary furrow, are sensible only of thy goad, Necessity? Let them, with the ox, drag on a laborious life in sorrow and in misery—they are only born for slavery. But thou, my son, my hero, who art descended from those illustrious ancestors, the roots of whose pedigree are lost in the dark and unfathomable depths of history—thou, who collectest into one focus all their virtues and accomplishments, enjoy that pre-eminence to which thou art lifted by the Gods who are always just; and let mankind at large, who are only made to labour, sacrifice their strength to thee who knowest so well to turn it to thy pleasure.

But the dinner cools.—Negligently  
lolling

lolling upon that formidable arm which could hardly be better employed in defending thy country, thy mistress first approaches the table. Half a dozen slaves immediately fly to her assistance, and present her with a rich chair, whereon thou joinest to help to seat her \*. Employ thyself a moment in carefully gathering up the long folds of  
of

\* This female character is as much the fashion with us, at present, as in Italy. There was a time when it was rashly deemed a subject for satire.

THE languid Lady next appears in state,  
Who was not born to carry her own weight ;  
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid  
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.  
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,  
She, by just stages, journeys round the room :  
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs  
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.  
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil ;  
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic file ;

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of her flowing robe.—At her right hand Love points out thy place. And who is he shall dare dispute thy title? Call to thy recollection that stationary God whose stability was considered by thine ancestors of Rome as the happy presage of the duration of their empire. When the father of the immortals descended from Olympus to be

And that, with such a dying, dying fall,  
That Betty rather sees, than hears the call :  
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,  
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.  
O listen with attention most profound !  
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.  
And help ! oh help ! her spirits are so dead,  
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.  
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,  
She pants ! she sinks away ! and is no more.  
Let the robust, and the gigantic carve,  
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve :  
But chew she must herself—Ah, cruel fate !  
That Lords and Ladies can't by proxy eat.

adored

adored in his capitol—Juno, Venus, Mars, Apollo quitted respectfully their sacred niches to pay their duties to him; but the triumphant entry of Jupiter himself did not render the God Terminus less immoveable.

The other guests are seated indiscriminately round thee. A little while, and enticing Gaiety rouses all your spirits, and invites every one to partake his joys. Malicious Raillery flutters over the table, and scatters from her butterfly wings the scandals of the day. Sometimes she delights to alarm the suspicions of thy mistress, sometimes to laugh at the credulous tranquillity of her husband. By degrees Licentiousness usurps the throne of Freedom.

Freedom. She reigns alone, amidst the frequent goblets; now, tearing off her veil, and appearing naked as the Graces; now, wrapping herself in transparent gauze which does but render her more bewitching. Yet, in spite of all her endeavours, she experiences not the pleasure to tinge the painted \* face of a single listening female with that blush which was formerly the emblem of modesty, which was once the delight of Love, but which now is only to be found upon the cheek of the shepherds of the mountain.

The repast approaches. At every course, the wealth of a thousand cove-

\* This word I do not find either in the Italian or the French; though it would not have been misplaced in either. May my beautiful countrywomen never deserve to have it applied to them!



-tous ancestors is hammered into elegant plates of a thousand different shapes. In order to stimulate the appetites of her guests, thy mistress assumes a taste the most refined, and at least dissipates her husband's fortunes with grace. Perhaps, in a moment of caprice, she chooses carelessly to mangle the pheasant which is placed by her, that her beloved hands, by only touching it with a knife, may communicate value, and add fresh flavour. Instantly let the steel leap forth, which, more glittering than the sword of Mars, reposes in peace by thy right side. Courage, my son! Boldly hold it by the point, between thy finger and thy thumb; present it to thy mistress;

92      A FASHIONABLE DAY.

mistress; and let Beauty be armed by the hands of Valour. She displays therewith miracles of skill. Three times three Graces flutter round her plump and milk-white hand; scramble up her rounded, polished arm; pause, for a moment, to regale themselves on her mouth; and then play at bo-peep in the tumbled gauze which loves to afford thee frequent glimpses of her bosom. Every eye is fixed on her, every heart goes along with her in every motion of every part of her body. It is not an exclamation of praise, 'tis a Kiss which lightens from the trembling lips of every guest. But a single look from thee, like the frown of Jupiter that controls the Titans, instantly

-stantly converts their presumption into respect, and supports the rights of Love.

Perhaps thy mistress, wearied to death with the fatigues of the day, has not strength to do the tiresome honours of her table. This is an office reserved for thee, my son. What a glorious opportunity to brandish a ruffle, the master-piece of the most skilful Arachne of England \*; to display that diamond ring, which maintains so many usurers and pawn-brokers! With what envy does the

\* Let us *deserve* this praise. We have at present a Queen who fills her station with as much propriety in encouraging the ingenuity of her sex, as if she past her reign, like one of her predecessors, in political cabals with her ministers, and fondlings with her favourite women; or, like another, in platonic poutings with an Essex and a Leicester.

company watch the sure and rapid strokes made by thy warlike arm, now on one side of thee, and now on the other ! Admiration, with staring eyes and elevated brows, forces them to pronounce thy eulogium in spite of themselves ; and adjudges to thy conquering hand the death-dealing knife which Comus places at every table for the bravest hero, and which so often produces quarrels between a modern Ajax and Ulysses.

What !—I had almost forgotten, my son, to speak to thee of the affecting situation, in which cruel Fate sometimes delights to place his victim, by forcing him from the happy seat marked out for him by Love. Flaunting  
with

with strings and fluttering with ribbons, it happens that a stranger traverses the Ocean, or descends with pomp and circumstance from the summit of the Alps. A magnificent retinue announces his approach. Before his face Vanity sounds her trumpet. Wherever he deigns to sojourn, every one contends for the honour of introducing the illustrious stranger to his Penates. On his appearance, my son, at a distance from Juno, thou, as well as her husband, must be content to herd with the mob of subaltern deities. But, be of good courage! The resources of Love in behalf of his favourites are inexhaustible. Fluttering sily round the table, Love shall interpret to you both,



both, each others glances and desires—he shall be the bearer of a tender sigh; and shall return, by back carriage, a burning kiss. Thy mistress shall send thee the choicest morsels of the dish next her, and shall request thee to help her from thy part of the table—An Exchange which shall call to both your memories recollections how voluptuous! Above all, be attentive, when she carries to her beautiful mouth the golden rim of the chrystal goblet which alone shares with thee the bliss of being caressed by her cherry lips. As she drinks, she darts at thee an enchanting glance, which being translated, means a thousand wishes offered up by Tenderness for a health not less precious than her own.

own. Seize thy glass; and answer her in her own language, the language of Love. Look also thy wishes for her health and happiness.—Happy couple! Let me too join my wishes. While Bacchus blesses you with his dearest treasures, may you still have power to enjoy the still sweeter intoxication of Love! May Love blind your eyes with his own fillet, so that they see not those mutual infidelities which you could not pardon! May the infant God never clip the wanton wings of those whims and caprices whose flutterings fan his expiring torch into a fresh flame!—A common friend would pray that your connection might be eternal. For me

G

—I

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—I do but ask of fate that I may see it last as long as it makes you happy.

Alas! every thing must have an end!

The repast draws towards its conclusion.

Already Comus and the God of the vine,

holding each a hand of boisterous Plea-

-sure, form the frolic dance around

the table. Those whom the goddess

of gaiety touches as she passes, ap-

-pear to crackle with sparks of joy,

which, like the electric fire, communi-

-cates itself, quicker than thought, from

guest to guest. In every corner of the

apartment is heard the roar of Laughter.

Dispute begins to animate the assembly.

One concludes the peace of Europe—

another declares universal war. This

directs the counsels of the kings of the

world,

world, forms alliances, overturns earth and seas—That pronounces the final sentences of the favourites of Apollo and the Muses, or profoundly discusses the grave mysteries of philosophy.

While I speak, the baskets of Porcelain are filled with the most exquisite fruits. Pomona amuses herself in piling up the pleasing pyramids which at once delight all the senses. The rustic Pales crowned with balm and juniper-berries, carries round in her osier baskets the cream of her dairy, and offers it, not without blushes, to the guests. At last, thy mistress, with an enchanting smile, makes the signal which puts a period to the repast. Go, voluptuous society, pass into a fresh apart-

100 A FASHIONABLE DAY.

-ment, where balsamic perfumes shall relieve your senses, blunted with the exhalations of dinner. And you, unfortunate wretches, whose dried-up intrails are the prey of famine, and who crowd the gate of the palace of my heroë to beg with fear and trembling those half-gnawed bones which might preserve your lives——let your nostrils snuff up the fumes; they are all that a voracious herd of slaves will leave to your hunger. Be upon your guard lest they should even drive you away with rudeness. Is it for you to call the haughty regards of our demi-gods to the importunate spectacle of your misery.

We meet again, my son, at the little  
inlaid



inlaid table, where, amidst the clouds of odoriferous smoke, the beneficial liquor of Mocha distributes itself into the cups of Japan. Thy mistress receives one from thy dear hand \*. Hast thou been careful to consult her capricious taste? Yesterday, it is true, three times the usual quantity of sugar could hardly satisfy her palate. To-day she is governed by a different whim. She chooses to drink it in its natural bitter-

\* A famous poet of our own country has been more fervent on tea. But, at the time, he was clearly guilty of that very scandal which he describes as the sweetener of female tea.

Tea! How I tremble at thy fatal stream!  
 As Lethe, dreadful to the Love of Fame.  
 What devastations on thy banks are seen!  
 What shades of mighty names which once have been!  
 An hecatomb of characters supplies  
 Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.

-ness, such as it is taken by the beautiful Circassian, who, meanwhile, carelessly reclined upon her eider-down cushions, twists a wanton hand in the thick beard of a grave Bascha, and, putting aside half her veil, darts at him certain looks which conjure from his languid hands the unfinished pipe \*.

But what ! Thy thoughtful eyes are attentively fixed upon this beverage which courts thy lips. By what profound meditations

\* In one of the affecting letters from Hackman to Miss Reay, are recommended some curious subjects for painting. "Love and Madness."—2d edition. p. 111. Surely Angelica might make something of this sketch. It reminds me of a fine drawing by Gray.

Oh ! sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
Enchanting shell ! The fullen Cares,  
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft control.

On

meditations is thy soul occupied? Ah! I conjecture. Thou art considering to which of thine equipages thou shalt give the flattering preference this evening. Wilt thou be drawn by the large courfers, which the Cimbri bred for thee on their bleak mountains; by those, who drunk the waters of the Hungarian Drave? or by those, who, notwithstanding the vigilance of their Arguses, have been procured for thee from the fertile vallies of Campania?

On Thracia's hills the Lord of war  
Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.  
Perching on the scepter'd hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king  
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:  
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terrors of his beak, the lightnings of his eye.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

With what harness shall they be ornamented? The modesty and carelessness of this set, rather bespeak the carriage of a grave philosopher. Thy mistress may perhaps prefer the other, which will dance so brilliantly on thy prancing steeds, and make them proud of their apparel \*. A fresh distress! Wilt thou this evening ride in triumph

\* Let us not envy this praise to a foreigner. It is but like granting that the inhabitants of another country are tolerably free, while we are so perfectly, and indisputably free ourselves. Lord Moleworth and Sir John Lubbock would alone lift Britain above her sister nations, and entitle her to the Olympic palm. Even her daughters claim their guer-dons of renown: nor does a British stable know the Salique Law.

More than one steed must *Archer's* empire feel,  
 Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;  
 And, as she guides it through the admiring throng,  
 With what an air she smacks the silken thong?  
 Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,  
 And whistles sweet her diuretic strains.

in

in that pompous carriage, whose un-  
 -weildy state may inspire reverence for  
 thy mistress; in the airy berline, bet-  
 -ter suited to thine age and appear-  
 ance; or in the splendid vis-a-vis,  
 whose pannels the pencil of Love has  
 ornamented with his trophies, and  
 which in fact appears to be the car of  
 Love himself \*? Any other than thyself  
 would pause for ages in uncertainty.  
 Thine orders are already given. It only  
 now remains to perform the sacred  
 rites of the god of gaming, who is  
 always ready to cheat his votaries of

\* The same species of carriage, I presume, in which  
 Mr. Townshend drove away from *Cambridge*. Dear Mr.  
 Fox, how can thy friend Jack pretend to patriotism, when  
 he preferred a seat in a vis-a-vis for a few minutes, to one  
 in the House of Commons for seven years.

their



their money and their time \*. The god himself provides the combatants with arms, and arranges them in different parties of foot and of horse. Propitious ever to thy prayers, for thee he orders to be set apart a table, whose narrow lifts will admit but two warriors. Love smiles with triumph as he explains to thee the most ingenious stratagem which was ever practised by any of his subjects in all his wars with Hymen.

Long had an unsuccessful soldier of Love been the prey of a consuming fire

\* How differently does the same object appear in the liberal eye of Fashion; and in the narrow, jaundiced sight of Satire, who methodistically tells our sex at least—

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;  
 With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills,  
 Inveighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood,  
 Destroys the power and will of doing good,  
 Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,  
 And, what is still more dreadful, spoils—your face.

lighted

lighted in his bosom by the hand of a child of Beauty and of Hymen. The languishing looks of Tendernefs were the sole interpreters of his passion. With difficulty could they deceive the vigilance of a husband, who never closed his eyes, and who, at the smallest noise, erected the long ears of attention. Alas! not a slave could the unhappy lover gain over to his interest, not the smallest billet could his Despair convey to her! Wherever he goes, this monster blasts his sight.—At last he flies to the altar of that benevolent God, whose hand is armed with a caduceus, whose head and feet are ornamented with wings. To his holy statue he does the lowest homage. With streaming eyes and upheld hands, “Oh thou son of Maia,”

he

he exclaims, " thou who deignest to  
 " listen to the prayers of Love—thou  
 " who deceivedst Argus with his hun-  
 " -dred eyes—teach me to deceive, if not  
 " the eyes of this too watchful husband,  
 " at least his ears!" The statue smiles on  
 his request. He perceives the magic cadu-  
 -ceus three times touch his forehead.  
 In an instant his inspired Fancy distinctly  
 represents to him the mystery of this  
 new game so calculated to stun and  
 weary out the most attentive husbands.  
 The happy lover darts away, as if  
 Mercury had lent him his wings. Al-  
 -ready he is at the side of his mistress.—  
 Mindful of the commands of the Deity,  
 he procures a board of scented wood,  
 whereof he raises the sides, and which  
 he divides by a wall into two equal  
 plains.

plains. The colour of these plains is black. Like the battalions of the red rose and the white rose, fifteen dames assembled on either side, these of a splendid whiteness, those black as ebony, wait, in order to begin their march, until two dice shall issue from a box of thunder. Happy she, who has not, by advancing alone, exposed herself to the danger of being cut off and taken prisoner ! A companion is here of service, in order to assist in supporting the enemy's shock. The busy dice soon increase the number of the combatants. Already I behold the milk-white amazons forming, two by two, the close-wedged phalanx, and boldly charging the adverse army. The adverse army  
advance



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advance with a more confused march ; while, they who expose themselves to imprudent dangers, experience different checks which Victory is careful to record. Sometimes an ill-aimed stroke recoils upon her who too inconsiderately pursued her adversary.—Fortune favours the white warriors, of whom the enemy of Hymen is generalissimo. It should seem that their adversaries, commanded by the queen of Hymen, desired to be defeated. The astonished husband attentively observes this new-invented joust. It strikes him that it is not without its danger, between two warriors who approach to too close quarters. Sometimes, his elbow rested upon the field of battle, he listens with  
the



## A FASHIONABLE DAY. 111

the ear of attention—sometimes, he rolls the eye of jealousy over the plains of combat—each time the martial throats of the tubes thunder with double fury. Fear obliges him to retreat, Suspicion again brings him back to his stand of observation. The combat rages, the din of battle brays. Victory hangs upon the next stroke. The conquering tube redoubles its thunder and thinks it can never make sufficient noise. Its adversary, mad at the scorns of fortune, vomits out the dice with a noise which disturbs the pleasures of Jupiter, and makes old Pluto tremble. The jealous husband, at length subdued, is driven from the plain, stopping his ears, and cursing such a noisy game.

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game.—Mercury, the day is thine. Thy disciple whispers half a word to his mistress, who comprehends his meaning.

Such was this game in the days of barbarity, when false ideas of honour continually disturb'd suspicious husbands. But, since the Golden Age is again return'd upon earth, since husbands are become officious and convenient friends, the lover and his mistress have only applied to this game for an agreeable amusement. In order to prevent that noise, which is now no longer useful, the peaceable tubes are form'd of silent leather, and the dice disport themselves without tumult upon the down-soft green. The game has preserv'd nothing noisy but

but its name, which still continues  
*Trictrac.*

Alas ! the day draws towards its conclusion ; at least for the flowers, the birds, and the populace. The sun retires from our half of the globe, in order to light the few remaining natives of Mexico to wretchedness and slavery. He takes his last adieu of Rome and Rome's Pantheon. He seems to have no remaining wish but to behold thee, before the Alps, the Appenine and the bent back of the out-stretched sea conceal thee from his longing, lingering look. After all, what has he beheld to-day ? Labourers panting in the cultivation of lands which descended to thee from thy fathers——Hair-breadth

H

workmen

## 114 A FASHIONABLE DAY.

workmen rebuilding the turrets of thy castles—Soldiers buried under a weight of armour with which they are to defend thy possessions—Sailors indefatigable in procuring for thee the treasures of the old and new world. Are these objects worthy the notice of that god whose paternal eye sheds impartial blessings on the whole universe. Afford him at last the pleasure to behold that man, who, benefited himself by the services of all mankind, is much too great to be of the smallest service in return to a single individual.

Next arrives the hour of the ring. \*

\* The old ring in Hyde Park seems to have been most like the evening drives which they have abroad. But, now, noblemen, gentlemen and others are wounded in earnest by real bullets, where they were formerly only shot through the heart from the corner of a fair Lady's eye.

All



All the passages to it are filled with hurry and with tumult. He who attracts the most universal notice is a young nobleman who has lately con-signed to the axe of the woodman the forests of his ancestors. Fierce and haughty, from the elegance of his splendid carriage which came out but to-day—he now, upon the best of terms with himself, carelessly lolls in the corner of it, smiling at the shape of a well-made leg which he displays to his own approbation, and admiring the uncommon merit which himself discovers in himself—now, lounging negligently forward, his elbow resting on the door of his carriage, and his hand gracefully turned toward his



116 A FASHIONABLE DAY.

bosom where it nurses an English lace, he casts a disdainful look on the mob of jealous equipages whose ambitious rivalry he so completely eclipses. Next in the train to him is a cunning inchanter who has contriv'd to transform the cottage of his fathers, which he yesterday was happy to inhabit, into the palace of Magnificence. Now it is that he begins to comprehend the lowness of the origin of the Vulgar, and that he takes a proud and daring flight towards the heights of grandeur. Before him bow, to do him homage as he passes, the pocket telescopes of hundreds who owe their support to the munificence of his vanity. Another, puffed up with a character acquired only by his wealth,

erects

erects an attentive ear to collect that concert of flattering praises which he perceives to be prepared for him by every mouth. What? Is this an illusion? Or are those the grave matrons whose extravagant zeal so lately condemned with so much violence the licentious tumult of these wicked assemblies, and the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? These, then, are they, who, pretending that it is the duty of a mother to provide a dainty morsel for Hymen, make their appearance in the world, after a long but prudent exile, to expose to sale the new-blown graces of their daughters in the same show-glafs with their own withered charms.

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By the noise which comes from a neighbouring quarter I am guided to those nymphs for the honour of appearing in whose suite twenty different youths contend. Some of them, divested for to-day, of the haughty character of Juno or Minerva, are content for once to appear only as simple mortals; affable, agreeable, entertaining. The bustle and the mob every moment increase. There, in their pompous carriages, behold the illustrious consorts of our princes. Follow with the eye, if the eye can follow, the nimble running-footmen who precede them, and overturn, on every side, the troublesome crowd. Observe the swarm of slaves who cling behind  
their

their triumphal cars, and recall to recollection the ancient days of the Capitol in all its glory.—My son, my son, where art thou, oh! my son? Already the beauties of Rome have made their appearance, attended by the choicest of our young heroes. Courage! Be expeditious! Repair with a light hand the disordered head-dresses of thy mistresses; disordered by the hands of Love. Lend her the assistance of thine arm to mount the elegant vis-a-vis which Love appears to overshadow with his wings, and to guide in its rapid flight—Behold you here, then, at last, amiable couple! How dull without you all this pomp appeared! Pass for a moment throw this brilliant row of carriages



-riages in order to display your fondness for each other. Thy mistress, my son, discovers the dear friend who is privy to your bliss. Love, for the present, give place to Friendship. Descend, my illustrious hero; but, ever insatiable of glory, fly to new conquests. Seest thou that illustrious heroine, who appears to set thy valour at defiance? Rush to the door of her carriage, and, thrusting almost your whole body through the window, attack her with the invincible weapons of that mouth that never fails to conquer. The tumult which attends thy victory spreads itself to the ears of thy distant mistress. She hears thy laugh of triumph. It pierces to her soul. She disdainfully rejects



rejects the awkward gallantries of a mob of youths, who, in thy absence, were bold enough to dare usurp thy place.

—Oh, ye Gods, who govern this Universe ; suspend the common course of your celestial spheres ; lengthen out this epic day ; and suffer daylight a little longer to display the labours of my heroe, and of your favourite !—

Alas ! inexorable Night, regardless of my prayers, advances as usual with a slow and inaudible foot. Already her dark and mournful urn begins to shed its fatal dew. All the brilliant colours with which the hand of Day had tinged the face of Nature are concealed under the dark mantle which she draws  
by

by degrees over the drowsy world. She, like her sister Death, confounds all objects and blends them together. A touch of her ebon scepter levels all distinctions, and reduces to equality trees and animals, heroes and vulgars. Beauty, erewhile so haughty and so gay, in the presence of Night seems to have lost her charms—Deformity alone rejoices.

Now, no longer I distinguish that elegant carriage, which, with the speed of lightning, has been multiplying itself into every part of the ring. Now, mine eyes in vain search for thy vis-a-vis, which Love has mysteriously concealed in the darkest parts of the drive. Now, all the objects of sight disappear

A FASHIONABLE DAY. 123

d. disappear. Now, in vain I look for the  
ls heroe of my song. Even he submits to  
r. Darknefs. Without the sacred inspira-  
ll -tion of his god-like prefence, how can  
y my song expect to please, to interest?  
s. Unlike the melancholy bard of Britain,  
b whose voice of melody chants only to  
o the difmal ear of Night; I wait, till  
e Aurora calls the warblers of the forest  
t to their hymn of praife and attunes the  
e ftatue of Memnon, before I wake  
again my living lyre.

THIS

A FASHIONABLE DAY  
1831  
Now, in vain I look for the  
force of my song. Even he listens to  
the voice of my song. Without the voice of my song  
THIS elegant Italian painting, in which the value of  
time is so well displayed by the use which the principal  
figure in the piece makes of it, cannot be more properly  
finished than by two touches of our nocturnal poet's fancy-  
-dipped pencil.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,  
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.  
Behold him now, past by. What now is seen,  
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
And ask them what report they bore to Heaven,  
And how they might have borne more welcome news.

YOUNG. NIGHT. II.



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